

*The History of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Paines, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

*Prince* Peace yee fat guts, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne flesh so farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou lyeest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler.

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when ieast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-bill*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do against my wil.

*Paines.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar.* Caffe yee,affe yee, on with your vizards, thers money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the King, Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs al.

*Fal.* To behanged.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Paines* & I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

*Henry the fourth.*

ter, then they light on vs:

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, wil they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What! a coward Sir Iohn Pawnch?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not Iohn of Gant your Grandfather yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Paines.* Sirra lack, thy horse standes behind the hedge thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him: farewell,

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd.

*Prince.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Paines.* Here hard by, stand close.

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I man to his businesse.

*Enter the Traueller*

*Tra.* Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses the hil, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our leggs.

*Theeues.* Stand.

*Tra.* Iesus blesse vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines thro. hore son caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, w knaues? young men must liue, you are grand lurers, are weele iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them and binde them: Enter the Prince and Paines.*

*Prince.* The theeues haue bound the true men: now thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a go for euer.

*Paines.* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come my masters, let vs share, and then before day: and the Prince and Paines be not two arrarades, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour *Paines*, than in a wild duck.